

Same Folk

Young the Giant

There's a man on Hill street
Said he threw away his name
But he'll school me about the Universe
For pocket change

He said I've been on this spot before
The human race and dinosaurs
It's all the same
For each and every pleasure there is pain

And when all's said and done
And we're weightless as our footsteps
Everything is one
No right way or wrong
When all's said and done
We are just one
Same folk
Same folk
Same folk
Same folk

Tossed seven lives in his briefcase
Oh, now what's left to my name
So just spill the juice oh, what's the use?
What's real from fake?

And he said we've been through this many times before
Cosmic worlds
True love and war
It's all the same
For each and every pleasure there is pain

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